

I like to look out the hot air balloon. Sometimes, I end up in the mountains. I don't know if there's some village underneath, or people, but I still enjoy the view alone because I'm mature.

I really enjoy the wind up here. It's really, really cold, you know. It's not something you think about when you set out, but it does get chilly. Luckily, I packed a suitcase. It has my favorite sweaters and jackets. Luck of the draw, I guess. The cold is fine, I promise and you really shouldn't worry.

Sleeping in a hot air balloon is the most relaxing experience. Imagine a really chilly breeze and a warm sweater, thousands of feet above the ground with the loud rush of wind pushing you side to side. That last line wasn't mine, though, it was the girl's.

There was a girl, in Paris. I think it was Paris, at least. She was one or two years younger than me. Maybe nine? Anyways, I stopped for a while in Paris because I was getting tired of the mountains and needed someone to tell about my hot air balloon. I met her somewhere by the city and we talked but she was annoying and always talking so I left the ground once again. Before I left, I let her write a line in my journal before she started babbling away and I had to leave.

Did I tell you about my rabbit? She's not like Paris girls because she doesn't talk and only listens. I left her at home, though. I don't like Paris girls.

You should see the sky up here, really, I'd love to have you. We could have a cup of coffee and enjoy the wind a bit. Maybe smoke, but I never learned how to so you'd have to teach me but it's fine since I brought a pack along. Adult things, you know. I'd love to have you, really and truly.

I think I'm going to get married. I'm only eleven, but I think I'm ready. I'm mature. The problem is, the only girl I know is the Paris girl and she babbles and makes me feel uncomfortable and knows way too much for a nine year old. Oh well.

You know, to be completely honest, it does get a bit lonely up here. Don't get me wrong, I love the scenery, but it does get a bit repetitive. Seeing the Amazon for the hundredth time isn't as nice as the first.

Look, between me and you, I wouldn't mind the Paris girl. She's annoying and a bit out of control, but I can handle it — I'm an adult, after all. That's what adults do.

I'm landing now. The city of lights. The city of love. It's darker than I remember, though. I land away from the city, over by the hills. I only have a day or two before I have to leave — the balloon gets a bit troublesome when it's down for too long, so I start looking in the city. First the houses, then the alleys. The coffee shops, the glass paned shops, the shrubs, the theaters, even the museums. I can't find her anywhere.

I'm going to sleep now, in the air balloon, on the ground. It's dark, and it is chilly, here on the ground. There's still no need to worry, but I am cold.

It's morning now and still cold, unfortunately. And, it's still gray in the city of lights. There's only a few hours left. Back in the city, now, the schools, the terraces, the fountains and the springs and the looming towers and the beautiful, golden one that dimly glows in the mist. She's nowhere, though. It's a bit sad, really, that I can't find her anymore.

I don't have much time, so I turn around and head back to my balloon. I'm still looking between the alleys though, checking every corner and every store. But I've reached the hills now and the balloon is beginning to sag. I light the fire once again, climb over the side, and

slowly begin to rise. I'm a bit down, but you mustn't be sad, it's really not a big deal. Really, it's fine. This is what adults do. I'm back again, anyways, in the gray sky, floating away. Floating, forever.